# continental



Boys' Long Pant Suits

Ages 14 to 17,

Price \$8.00.

We offer at this sale one lot of 100 pure, All Wool Mixed Cassimere Suits, made and trimmed equal to any of our fine suits. We will guarantee the goods to be strictly all wool and silk mixed. Our price to close them is \$8. Our price for this suit last year was \$12; perfect in every respect and in all sizes.

Boys' Long Pant Suits, Ages 13 to 17, Price \$10.00.

We offer in this line the greatest bargains ever placed on our counters. We have consolidated several lines of high grade \$15 suits, and have marked them into one grand bargain lot at \$10 per suit. If you paid \$15 for any suit in this lot, you would only pay the regular retail price. Sizes 18 to 17 years.

Boys' Long Pant School Suits, Ages 11 to 14,

Price \$5.50. This is a lot of All Wool Cheviot Suits in a neat brown and black strips, at \$5.50 per suit. When we say strictly all wool, we mean that and nothing else. Remember, ages 11 to 14. Price \$5.50. Sold last season for \$8.

Special Sale of Spring Overcoats.

The special sale of Spring Overcoats advertised last week has been our biggest success.

PRICES FOR MONDAY: Men's Melton, silk faced, perfect fitting, London tan color,

Cheviots in blacks, diagonals, check and stripes,

Fancy Worsteds and Cassimeres. \$15 and \$18. Attractive Bargain Lines in Our

The same standard of quality maintained and lower prices than ever.

MONDAY, SPECIAL SALE OF BOYS'

Ages 4 to 14. We offer a line of 100 genuine English Cheviot Suits of the best quality, in alight brown stripe, made in pleated jackets, a very stylish and desirable garment for boys 5 to 13 years, at the exceptionally low price of \$4 per suit. This line will not last long. Send for samples of the cloth or for a sample suit and it will be sent to you on approval. PRICE 85.00.

A FULL LINE OF

Ages 4 to 14 -- Price \$5.00 We consider this the most stylish suit and the best value we have offered this

PRICE \$5.00. Plaid Cassimere Suits.

Strictly all wool, the latest design, large sizes, without belts, at \$5.00 per suit. We don't think they can be duplicated outside of the Continental.

PRICE \$5.00. Worsted Plaids.

In two shades, made in a neat Pleated Jacket, at the same popular price. Goods guaranteed every fibre wool. Ages 4 to 14. Come on Monday if you want one of this lot.

## Boys' & Children's Spring Overcoats, \$5 to \$15.

Cheviot Suitings are the latest and best. Don't buy until you have seen our Black Cheviots in checks, diagonals and stripes, made up equal to custom in cutaways and sacks.

Prices \$15, \$18 and \$20.

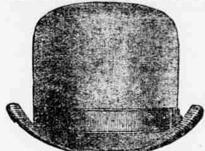
Will be found the largest and most complete Lines of Headwear in the West.



The "Wilcox"

Self-conforming, Price \$3.50.

foney will buy nothing better. The styles are per-fect, in eight different blocks. Don't buy until you have seen the Wilcox



in medium and large shapes, goods usually sold for \$3.50, made by one of the best makers in the country at \$2.50. We advertise only good goods and at prices consistent with fine quality.

We will sell 50 dozen



Boy's Headwear.

In the following styles: Derby's Gracie, Elsie. Princeton, Dart, Alpine, Brighton, Evening Sun, Sailor and Glengary.

A full line of Boys' Jockey Caps 38c, A full line of Boys' Cadet Caps 50c.

## FREELAND, LOOMIS & CO., Proprietors, 15th & Douglas Sts

### THE LOVABLENESS OF WOMAN.

If It Were Cultivated More, Divorces Would Be Unknown.

WHAT MARRIAGE REALLY MEANS.

It Is Not a Temporary Contract to Be Lightly Entered Into-A Wife's Duty-A Bread-Making Fad.

New York, April 8.—[Special to The Bee] - We regard this as a progressive age. We believe we know more than any people in the world, and every woman's daughter among us would scoff at the idea of not being a better political economist than was her grandmother. And yet she saves her money in the same way and secretes it in precisely the same place-i. e., her stocking. You think this isn't true! Well, then, you haven't seen the last new thing in stockings. Way on the upper part of the leg is set a cute little pocket with a lap that buttons over, and in this madamoiselle may put away the roll of banknotes that represents her winter's savings.

WHERE WOMEN CARRY THEIR MONEY. Women have always had curious ideas about where to keep money when traveling. I know one who traveled from New York to Florida with \$2,000 between the sele of her foot and her stocking, and she slept with her stockings on. Another one always pinned her money just inside her cersets, until she was told that if she fainted anywhere, the first thing a good Samaritan would do would be to unloosen her bodice and stays, and then ome wicked Pharisee would discover the ducats and grab them. Since she has heard this she has taken to pinning the fortune the back of her corsets, claiming that, even if she were taken ill, as she would be laid flat on her back, insensible or not, she would be sure of her treasure. Women never appreciate the value of a check—until it is cashed. It doesn't seem like money to them, and I feel certain that if the average woman were offered her choice be-tween \$500 in notes and \$1,000 in a check, and both were before her and she had no time to think it out much, she would choose the \$500, and conclude she had the best of the bargain. There is no exaggeration in the story of a woman who, on hearing somebody say that a diamend cost \$1,500, asserted. "Oh, no. I am Sure it cost more than that—I am sure it was something over \$1,000."

OUR LOOSE DIVORCE LAWS. Somebody gave not very long ago what was joinlarly called a "divorce dinner," as each guest had either been divorced or had married a divorcee. The newspapers seemed to regard this as very funny. To anybody married a divorce. The newspapers seemed to regard this as very funny. To anybody who thought about it, it was said beyond expression. Do people go to the altar and swear to be faithful to each other, to honor each other, and to love each other, only to go, after a few years, into the divorce court and shows the world at large that the faith was worthing. that the faith was worthless, the bonor was dishoner, and the love was merly a gross pas-sion! Do men breathe yows of affection to women only to jest at them afterward! Do wo-men write words of love to men-words that seem to come from their very hearts—only to have these letters reproduced in the daily paper to make glad the reader of petty scandais and to delight those who enjoy the wash-ing of soiled linen in public! If I had my way I would have every state in the union as diverce is gotten makes every needless girl, every thoughtless tempered man, fee to it to atraighten out what is considered their prongs; whereas, if those two people firming. The loy that is in heaven over the

believed that the oaths they had taken were forever and that nothing but death could break them, they would be much less likely to so soon grow dissatisfied with each other. WHAT MAKES WOMAN LOVABLE.

A woman learns to be forgiving, gentle and considerate when she thinks that she wants her husband's love forever, and a man who finds this in his wife is very apt to think more of what will please her, and to regulate his habits, consider his words and deeds with reference to her who is to be the partner of his joys and sorrows through all his life. There are, of course, aggravated cases where a separation may be a necessity, but it should only be a separation, a legal one, pro-tecting the wife and her children, but per-mitting neither to marry again. If this were the law people would consider better when they married, and divorce, please God, would

DIVORCED WOMEN AT ENGLAND'S COURT. I have no personal liking for Queen Vic-toria, but I must say that I do think she is doing her duty in refusing to receive a di-vorced woman at court. Understand this means a woman who, through her own fault, has been divorced by her husband on the charge of adultery, and not one who, for the same reason, has divorced him. Her majesty same reason, has divorced him. Her majesty welcomes the first duchess of Mariborough with outstretched hands, while to the second one, who married a divorced man, there is no greeting whatever. This distinction is keenly understeed in England and in France, and the divorced one receives more or less social estracism, while the one who has done the divorcing retains all social mivileres. Here the ing retains all social privileges. Here the same distinction is not made, and as things go today people who are divorced seem to be as gladly welcomed as if no such blot rested upon them. Severe! I don't think so.

WHAT MARRIAGE REALLY MEANS. Murriage will never be a perfect success as eng as divorce is so prevalent. I say "prevalent" advisedly, because I think it, like all ther malignant diseases, is contagious. An ardent believer in marriage, I yet maintain that marriage must be for good and for bad. Life itself is like an April day, half shower, half dark clouds, half sunshine, ending up with the bow of promise which God himself has set in the heavens as a sign. Now, when ou take a partner for this day you want one ith whom you can find solace during the dark times, to whom you can give cheery words, with whom there will be enjoyment and pleas-during the golden bours of happiness, and with whom, as you stand at the last great moment with the rainbow rays from the wonderful throne combined to the control of the derful throne coming down upon you, there will be no fear, because you two, made one

before God, have done what you could. WOMAN'S DUTY TO HER HUSBAND. "But," says one, "suppose a man should be shiftless or a drunkard?" Did it ever dawn on you that where there was one shiftless man there were about a hundred shiftless women, who made untidy homes, who raised careless children, and whose life was metapotated to be a wrong and any layers. horically spent in a wrapper and curl papers!
And yet men have patience with these worien. Did it ever dawn on you that if your
husband were ill of some dreadful disease
you would nurse him faithfully through it? You smile, and say of course you would. Well, then, think of a drunkard as a sick man. Do anything to save him. Let him snew that you stand by him to the very last. Hide his infirmity from other people. Pride is not a bad thing when it means covering up somebody else's wounds, and if you do your best, if you never let mayone speak to you of the great temptation that comes to make your home a happy one, even with this grief. Better pick a man out of the guiter and restore him to his self-respect as far as you can than let him lie there with his own gone and yours with it. Forgive everything but unfaithfulness, and before you judge that think over own conduct and decide whether you have so entirely done your duty that your husband was strong enough to

one sinner that returns should live in the heart of every woman when it comes to the question of deciding what is and what is not right between her and her husband. PRETTY WOMAN'S SPRING BONNEY.

To come down to a very frivolous though very womanly topic, it may as well be announced that the mythological, more or less modified, is obtaining in the spring chapeau. Tiny toques fitting the head very closely and with fanciful wings arranged in front should Tiny toques fitting the head very closely and with fanciful wings arranged in front should be worn by the fleet-footed maiden who imagines herself close kin to Mercury. Helmetshaped straw hats ought to be solely dedicated to the feminine B. A., for they were first worn by the Goddess of Wisdom, the sage Minerva. Fluffy, fanciful little bounets with lace butterflies cocked just in front were conceived from the frivolous brain of Psyche, and curious little caps made of straw lace and having, among a lot of leaves, a single tiny red apple, cannot be claimed by anybody else but that fair woman to whom Paris donated the prize for beauty. All these quaint conceptions are French to the last quaint conceptions are French to the last degree, and this last bonnet is particularly chic, for it is a combination of prinness and coquetry. Certainly no one but a pretty girl would dare wear it, for she of necessity anwould dare wear it, for she of necessity announces herself as the prize beauty when she assumes the apple. Miniature potatoes are cited as the last novelty in the way of vegetable trimmings, but the most ardent seeker after something new certainly cannot think the potato was ever intended to decorate the feminine head. When you buy your bonnet do, for the sake of all the world, get your milliner to show you how to put it on, and don't let it be placed forward when it ought to be back, nor allowed to wriggle about your head in that uncertain way which gives you a look decidedly suggestive of having had a little too much of something, even if it's only ittle too much of something, even if it's only soda water.

AT LAST-A SENSIBLE FAD. By the by, did you know that it was considered rather smart for very young women to have simple tastes about things to cat? Arrayed in her tailor-made suit, with her little toque on, the girl who wants to do the swag ger thing declines at an afternoon anything stronger than milk and vichy, and with it she cats a piece of brown bread and butter, butter must be absolutely fresh and bread must be sweet and homemade. I esses are extelling their bread and butter ex-actly as they might their plum cake, and the girl who can make bread—really make it and make it good—is very proud of possessing a talent greater than that of painting, modeling in clay, or writing mysterious or crotic books. Perhaps this fad came from the hearing of the pride which the duchess of Fife takes in the butter which she has made with her own hands. Call this bread-making a fad if you will, it is nevertheless a fad in the right direction and one to be encouraged.

NOT 50 SOFT AS THEY SEEM. Bread and butter is by no means tasteless, and though we are apt to apply that expression to usipid girls, books or pictures, it is a very unjust one, and milk and water, which is not pleasant to the taste, and which does lack piquancy, is to be preferred; but milk and taste tasteless us it is would be chosen. and water, tasteless as it is, would be chosen in preference to one of the borrible acids that eats away everything good in life. You are not milk and waterish when you prefer to take their the waters in the waters. fer to talk about the weather than discuss

When you would rather be polite even to the most insignificant person than out them. When you think it more refined to wear

### MILLET OF THE "ANGELUS.

The Humble Home-Life of the Youthful Artist in Normandy.

DISCOVERY OF HIS NATURAL GIFT.

Struggle of the Family to Encourage Him in His Study of Art and His Appearance in Cherbourg and Paris.

The following sketches have been contributed by young ladies attending the Sacred

Heart neademy, Park Place, in this city. They will be found interesting descriptions of the early life of Millet the renowned painter of "The Angelus," the work of the master which is now receiving so much attention from the world of art.

These sketches will be supplemented on Sunday next, by a series of articles by other accomplished writers in the same academy on "The Angelus" of Millet.

Let us slip back to the twenty-fourth year of our century. France has just proclaimed. for the last time, that, the king being dead, the king lives forever, and Charles X., uncertain of foot and uneasy of mind, has just mounted that too much "restored" throne, which is already shaking under his feeble weight. But not for one loud "vivat" nor for one low "a'bas" will our Asmodeus pause in Paris; he is in haste to bear us off to the dreariest promontory of placid old Normandy. out to where the wild hand of La Hague juts into the narrow sea between Alderney and

the mainland. Mark how courteously our disposable sprite unroofs, for our curious eyes, a quaint old cottage in the thrifty little hamlet of Genchy.

Looking straight down into the parret thus opened beneath us, the light of a home-made meche shows us a shaggy peasant lad of ten crouched on an old bux that serves as a chair, the actual chair doing duty before him as a

It is hard onto midnight, and this little drudge of the fields ought to be sound asieep, under his paillasse yonder, beneath the slant of the roof. But, scrutinizing the boy, we see that his great, earnest eyes hold dreams abundance, but no slumber, and that there a plodding energy, defying fatigue, in the very contour of those high shoulders, rounded by the untimely bearing of ill-fitted burdens We note, too, that the tough brown band p sesses a marvelous dexterity in guiding untaught crayon which is creating vivid three on that coarse brown paper. They are said pictures, too as odd as the house and the boy and the time of sight. They stranged combine the autiquated illustrations in the old bible before him with the actual scenes of yesterday and today and tomorrow. Those these parts are to the said to t when you think it more refined to wear quiter clothes that to attract attention by the leads so it, and these pieces are another femntain of enduring delicht, flowing over his brain, stealing down his arm, and the report was the few to obey his page in perverse lines. A pear you would rather know a tirresone, when you would rather know a tirresone, when you would rather know a tirresone, when you would rather know a tirresone, which is decimally a pear to be in the bibble is Ruth, gleaning in the foreground, and the respect and black on the bibble is Ruth, gleaning in the foreground, and the respect and black on the bibble is Ruth, gleaning in the foreground, and the respect and black on the black ground. And her black ground and well-manneyed, to follow year best instincts, and believe with care called the seen anything frame. There is the black ground a flexible ground and seeling moral principles grow which the contract of the page is a state of the second to see any tirred to be a state of the second to see any tirred page over his brain, stable of the second to see any tirred page over his brain, stabled to the page of his great panies are made in morther child, the activation of the stream of the page of his great panies are made in the other with a stable page over his brain, stable from the astomatic page over his brain factors were a gliangs of his great panies are made in morther child, the activation of the stream of the page of his father, his mother's darling, and the very table to his great panies are made in the stand of his great panies are made in the call the page of his father, his mother's darling, and the very table of his great panies are and the page of his father, his mother's darling, and the very table of his great panies are and the page of his father, his mother's darling, and the very table of his great panies are another the call which the page of the stand the page of the stand the page of his father, his mother's darling, and the very hid the stand page of the stand the page of t absurd old wood cuts are a well-spring of per petual joy to the lad's spui; and these plod-ding details of each day's experience are an-other fountain of enduring delight flowing over his brain, stealing down his arm, and

er, and how both are bound to life, and by means of life itself, fastened to a truth that plunges deeper and soars higher than either, since it stretches down into the grave and reaches up into the sky; it is a truth that sus-

tains labor by hope, sanctifies it by faith, glo-rifies it by love, and lifts its consummation into the premised land of rest and fruition. into the premised land of rest and fruition.

Do the ardent eyes of this child of ten open to the fullness of such a vision—the mystery, the dignity, the beauty of daily toil? Assuredly not, He is but beginning to accomplish a sublime task, and just as he commences it, unconscious of its depth, so also, unconscious of its width, will he end it. Men to whom great missions are confided, feel rather than see them accomplish rather than ma. than see them, accomplish, rather than analyze them. This Norman peasant will die die, half a century later, ignorant, in his rev-

erent humility, of the magnificence of his life's embassy. Courage, Jean Francols Millet! The way is but opening, the road is long, narrow and steny; and the end is not clear, but beyond light is breaking, and in that beyond there will be, for you, rest, and a very great peace, and behind you will abide among men, your brettren, the message you will leave them, and seeing, they shall understand.

So, put away the crayon tonight; nay, today rather, for see, my little Jean-Francois, it is growing white landward to the east, and there must be early-rising and brisk working before the sun is up! So, out with the meene and a Pater and Ave, as M. le Cure coun selled, and good dreams under la peute! And while hard work and light conscience make easy slumber for you. Asmodeus, garrulous

ever, will tell us your simple story.

It is a menotonous world that revolves here in Cotentyn, and therefore nothing was ever in Cotentyn, and therefore nothing was ever more tranquil than the first decade of Jean-Francois life. But what a world it was out-side of Normandy! The cannon of Waterloo shook the carth, but sent no echo to break the slumbers of the little one, not yet a year old, rocking in the cradle while the peasant-mother sang at her knitting! Neither did the crash and surge of empires falling and king-doms rising trouble the peasant father over the spade or behind the plough. Flags and victories, crowns and tears—what are they then! One must live, and to live one must then! One must live, and to live one must knit and spin, and sow and reap, and say one's prayer, and tread the path of one's fathers, and sleep beside them at last! At least, one must in La Hague! Yet, stories of the great revolution and its vulture talons, of the great empire and its eagle flights, formed the ordinary evening atmosphere 'round' the fire

ordinary evening atmosphere round the fire, and had an ever-fresh power to diffuse cold chills or bot thrills, as the case might be. For there was "la bonne grand'-mere," Theen and saint of the Millet household, who knew and remembered—ah, Ciel! What did grand-mere not know and remember? No wonder her fine face was like a Sibyl's or a St. Elizabeth's, when it found an honored place on her grandson's best canyas. And place on her grandson's best canyas. And there was the venerable great-uncle, the good priest, M. l'Abbe Charles Millet, who had gone through the reddest perils of the reign of terror, and who, kindest and simplest of men. was now a diligent worker in his combines avocations cieric, tutor, and assistant on the farm. From him little Jean Francois had learned his Latin rudiments thoroughly, and later the vieur of Greville carried on the good work by helping the youth to master the vulgate and Virgil, and by judicious loans of books few but precious, Jean Franceis, as the eldest, and perhaps as the gentlest and

how earth and the laborer are linked togeth- | mass in the morning, the loving converse at mass in the marning, the loving converse at means, the prayers said in common, the good reading made aloud;—all that gives sacredness to mutual love and united sympathies beautified the little cottage where the family of Jean Louis Millet grew and flourished. Nor was the out-of-door labor a stupid drudgery, "See," Jean-Louis would say to the little Jean-Francois tradging at his side, "See, my son, this blade of grass, mark how large and fine it is. Now that, my Jean-Francois, is as beautiful as any flower!" Or, again: "Look, my child, do you see that old house, half buried by the field! Now that is good. It seems to me is should be drawn in that way."

And just as Jean-Louis inspired his little

moneythings, sould Jean Francois in his torn reveal to the world in after years, the lovelireveal to the world in after years, the leveli-ness of God's common people,—those very multitudes, of whom our own Lincoin said, with pathetic humor: "The Almighty must prefer common looking people, because He made so many of them?" How wise the counsel given by that great writer who re-minds us that: "These common-place peo-ple " " bear a conscience, and have felt the subline prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows and their such a school only could be become what he was, - the rustic poet of the pencil, whose one long poem, in so many canvas volumes, has the epic of nature, labor and faith! The youth attained his eighteenth year without the art-teaching for which he pined. The family sympathized with his longings. but there was the great puzzle of poverty, and their tragitions supplied no solution to the problem. A sketch of an old neighbor, a study in foreshortening the mystery of which he had grasped, as if by inspiration, so impressed his family that a council of the olders may over his fate.

so impressed his family that a council of the
elders met over his fate. The pions parents
folt a religious scruple about opposing God's
will, made manifest in their son's great gift.
The good father solemnly apologized to his
son for this long delay.
"Thou wert the eldest, my poor Jean
Francois and we could not do without thee.
Now the others are old enough to help, and
we must not cross the will of the rood God. we must not cross the will of the good God. We will go to Cherbourg, please heaven, and get some wise man who knows this great trade of painting to decide if thou hast failent enough to earn thy bread by it. If so be, then the rest of us must place and save a little that things may be done as Providence decrees them here below."

In the Studios of Cherbourg.

One fine day, therefore, father and son, in their best Sunday attire, stood anxiously watching the face of M. Monchel, a Cher-bourg artist, a man of kind heart and keen judgment. One drawing after another was scrutinized; then was demanded a reiterated assurance that these sketches were really the work of the big blushing rastic of eighteen. And, finally the sentence was pronounced. It fell on the Millet pore:

"You will go to perdition for keeping this boy at a plow. He has in him the stuff of which great pointers are made."

And just as Jean-Louis inspired his little
son with that fine instinct to which is revenled the deeper beauty of nature's comstudy in Paris. The municipality of Cherthat small sums are magnified through the medium of provincial eyes. There was a promise of an annuity of 400 francs, to which the department of La Manche added its pledge for 600 more, on the completion of the young man's studies.

young man's studies.

Preparations were made, and painful fare-wells spoken in the cottage home. For his own part, Millet had chosen his course; he they have their unspoken sorrows and their sacred joys \* \* \* and have mourned over their irreclaimable dead. \* \* \* Learn the poetry and the pathes, the tragedy and the moudy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull eyes, and speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones."

This was precisely the lesson Jean-Francois was learning in the fields of Normandy. In us any aesthetic rules which shall such a school only could be become what he banish from the rogion of not us any quoted; Do not hopese on us any aesthetic rules which shall banish from the region of art those old women scraping carrots with work-worn hands those rounded backs and stopld faces, that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world. In this world there are so many of these course, common people, who have no sentimental wretchedness. Let art remind us of them.

wretchedness. Let art remind us of them.
Let us have men ready to give the loving
pains of a life to the faithful representing of
common place things, men who can see
beauty in them, and can show us how kindly
the light of heaven falls on them."

Predetermined to catch this light and to
show it, Joan Francois Millet set out on his
journey to Paris, that pulse of the world.
But how was he equipped to face that strong,
cruel city, with which he was to wrestle for
his very life! He took but a large wealth in his very life! He took but a large wealth in his brain, a few francs in his packet, a mother's benediction on his head, and many misgivings in his heart. On the way, and thenceforth forever, echoed in his cars the refrain of a sweet old song, if his lips did

not sing it, his heart said it, and his brush Oh, Normandie! Ma Normandie!" Dr. Birney, catarrh specialist, Hee bldg, A Caterpillar Farm.

In most countries caterpillars are regarded as a pest. In British India however, different ideas upon the subject ap-pear to prevail, for the entomological committee of the Bombay natural history society has actually gone to the length of establishing a great "cater-pillar farm" at Poonah for the deliberate propagation of these destructive insects, Caterpillar rearing, according to the official report which the society has recently issued to the public is not so easy